

The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 18,837.

A NATION'S DAY OFF.

To look back thirty years and contrast the conditions of outdoor sports of that day with their wide and general popularity at present is to gain an illuminating understanding of the more profitable uses to which the nation puts its fragmentary leisure, its regular day off.

In those times before the half holiday came a Sunday meant idleness pure and simple, "rest" in the form of loafing, except where it was relieved by a picnic excursion or an informal outing which yielded a vague and uncertain return of either pleasure or health.

Yesterday and on Saturday after business hours thousands of country-club piazzas were gay with throngs, and the adjoining links variegated with ten thousand players. Tennis matches innumerable were in progress, ball games too numerous for record were in full blast, yachting races, rowing contests, track athletics—from Eastport to San Francisco the entire nation was out of doors enjoying itself with the most rational of pleasures, those which increase the fund of health and the reserve supply of vitality.

It is a wonderful development, one in a way not inferior in the direct benefits derived to any that has been made in art or science or education. For it means the improvement of the physical well being, which is the foundation of the mental and the moral.

Crosstown Tunnels.—The extension of the Christopher street tunnel under Ninth street to a loop around the Bible House will bring the Jersey suburbs into close and quick communication with the heart of Manhattan. Its further extension through the east side, either to a ferry connection or under the river to Brooklyn, may be a development of the not remote future. It seems to be the manifest destiny of crosstown tunnel transit to connect Long Island with New Jersey by various subway routes paralleling that through Thirty-fourth street.

GIRL'S BUT A GIRL FOR A' THAT.

Blushingly, but unashamed, twenty of the year's graduate girls at Vassar admit that they are already engaged to be married. Of the hundred and fifty others, thirty-four are going into society, four into social settlements, and seventy-three will become teachers. There is nothing anti-matrimonial about the plans of the graduates untroubled. Indeed, as indicating the chances of the seventy-three, it may be recalled that school-teacher families have been reported of late in Pennsylvania and other sections because of the altar's successful competition with the spelling-book.

At Wellesley, the "College Beautiful," there are also one hundred and seventy girl graduates. All are prepared to work; many will be obliged to work. But to an interviewer one of them said:

I don't believe there is one of us who doesn't think that marriage is the most desirable and the highest state that any woman can reach. I don't think that money is an indispensable factor, either, in our marriage views. We'd be willing to start in modestly; but, of course, we don't intend to have no visible means of support or means that you can hardly discover with a compound microscope.

By this fair spokeswoman of Wellesley, the idea is scouted that conditions and the higher education have produced any change in the modern girl's feelings. "I don't believe," she says, "we graduates have a very different point of view from that of any nice, well-educated, sensible American girl. We believe in looking at things as they are, but believing they can be made better, and that we are the ones to make them so. And isn't that the real American spirit, after all?"

There is just a suggestion here that the college girl means to dispose for herself of that vexed question of higher-education which has just been disturbing the soul of Dr. Smith, of Toronto.

FOOD AND THE IMAGINATION.

Dr. Wiley's experiments to prove the deleterious effect of food adulterated by "preservative" acids appear to have been entirely successful. The health of the twelve young men who constituted his "poison squad" declined visibly on the diet of "doctored" food, as was expected, its influence ranging, according to the official report, from "mildly injurious" to "deadly," though no fatal issue is reported.

It would be interesting to know what part the imagination played in the result of the experiments. The soundest stomach may incline to grow squeamish at the knowledge that it is consuming food believed to be poisonous. Montaigne knew of a jocular host who informed his guests long after the processes of digestion had been achieved that they had dined on baked cat; with the result that some became violently ill. Our grandfathers, to whom the tomato was the poisonous "love apple," would doubtless have detected dangerous symptoms immediately after eating it. The effect of strawberries on the gouty varies in direct proportion to their ignorance or acquaintance with their acid qualities.

The ignorance which is bliss probably safeguards the ordinary digestion through salivary acid perils, the recognized presence of which in a particular brand of food might cause very serious qualms.

THE BURGLAR WHO LAUGHS.

Louis B. Matheny, expert burglar and post-office robber, would be worth many pages of excellent philosophy to Tenebrisrock. Here is a man who heartily and wholly laughs on every possible occasion. He cracks a safe and smiles at one and the same time. When he was apprehended by detectives at the race-track the other day his dimpling countenance put to rout the seriousness of the trained sleuths. In the jail at Newark he has to read the magazines to save the bars from rattling out with his merriment.

Can this man be wholly and irredeemably bad? Never, with that laugh, the Carlyle tailor re-tailored will insist. And yet, pending the revelation of something good which shall reach further than the prisoner's "merry ha-ha!" it is perhaps just as well that the police have labelled Mr. Matheny as dangerous and that they propose to keep him for quite an extended period in hand.

The basic goodness in Matheny may ripen in confinement. But even if it does not, his example will remind the less mirthful men about him, within walls, that it is not necessary to be wicked and grumpy at the same time. His principle, open to criticism, it must be confessed, is that it is better to have used even the electric dark-lantern and safe-drill with a smile than never to have smiled at all.

The Great American GOOK. Isn't He a Bird?

This Time He Sympathizes with the Poor Women Who Are Rudely Made to Stand in Street-Cars—but He Doesn't Lose His Seat.



Kisses at 20 Cents Apiece.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



A YOUNG woman of New Britain, Conn., has brought suit for slander against a young man to whom she was formerly engaged because in the presence of a second young man who had superseded him in her affections he remarked that "the price of kisses had gone down since he paid twenty cents apiece for them."

The law does not fix the value of a kiss, and the law is wise, for, like every other commodity in this mutable world, the kisses' value varies with the law of supply and demand. But any observant reader of the news will recall that day after day suits for damages are instituted by young women seeking to recover the loss of a rifted kiss-of-the-rose dot on the lip of adoration, the "brush of a bee's wing that makes time eternal," the poetic Cyranos called it—and these show such varying values attached to the kisses by the complainants as to make the establishment of some general standard imperative; but a fixed scale of course, for this would be obviously unfair. Who could attach the same significance to the scarcely yielded first kiss of the maiden of beautiful fifteen and the widow of fifty? But it should be a sliding scale carefully adjusted to the availability of the different grade of kisses.

Of course the widely differing values are due to a great extent to the lack of union among women. So long as they remain a great unorganized mutually antagonistic mass nothing can be done. They will have to realize that the days of cut-throat competition are over and that they must organize. But apparently the young woman of New Britain herself placed the very modest value of 20 cents upon her kisses. But she surely underestimated them. It should have been 30 cents.

Other young women, less modest in their estimates, have sold for kisses valued at \$100 apiece. And there have been values all the way between.

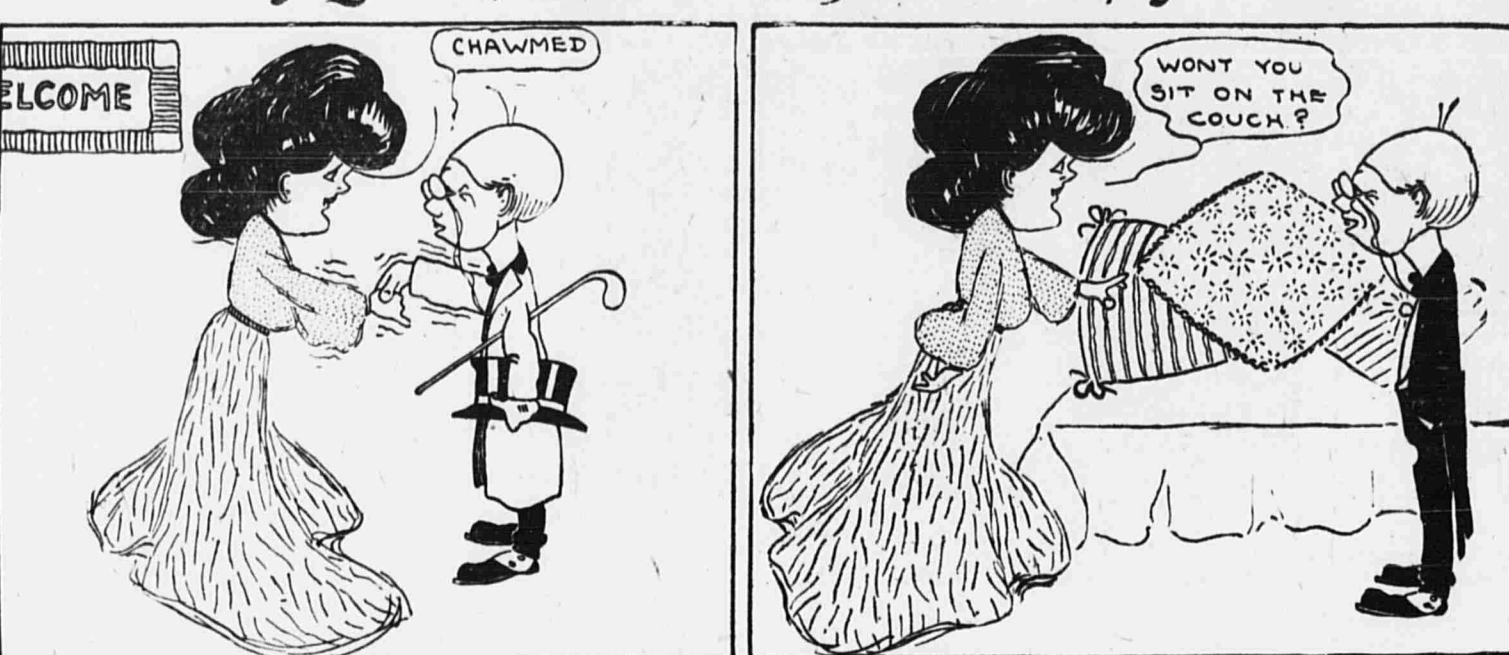
But perhaps competition in the New Britain kiss market is so keen as to render any higher value than 20 cents prohibitive.

I once knew a baby girl who was so fond of "tutu" that when her local druggist offered to give her a piece for a kiss she invariably permitted herself to be lifted up while a chaste salute was imparted on her heavily powdered lips. But one day her nurse told her that while the druggist gave her one piece for a kiss he was offering to give her two pieces for a half-cent, thus placing the ridiculously inflated value on her kisses of half a cent apiece. Thereafter such was her indignation at the slight she seemed all at once of the money-saving drug-gist, and persistently bought her "tutu."

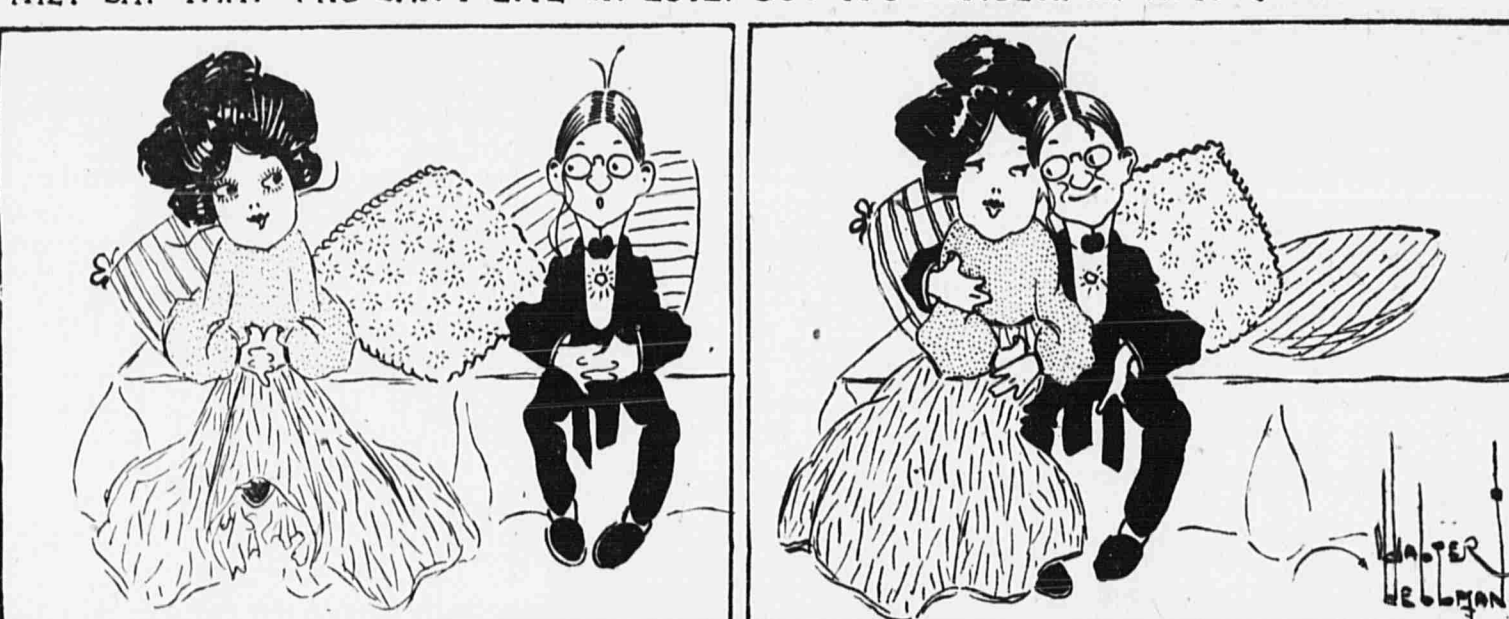
Twenty cents seems hardly more compensatory of some considerate kisses given in a social and polite way. Of course, the young man who made public the reduced rate which he had obtained is beyond the pale of human consideration.

It seems sure that there must be some explanation of this case. A young woman who is so fond of kisses as to sell them for 20 cents apiece is a rare find. The New Britain girl has suffered the usual fate of all such and there are few of her sisters who will be sorry for her.

Very Queer, Isn't It? But It's Very True.

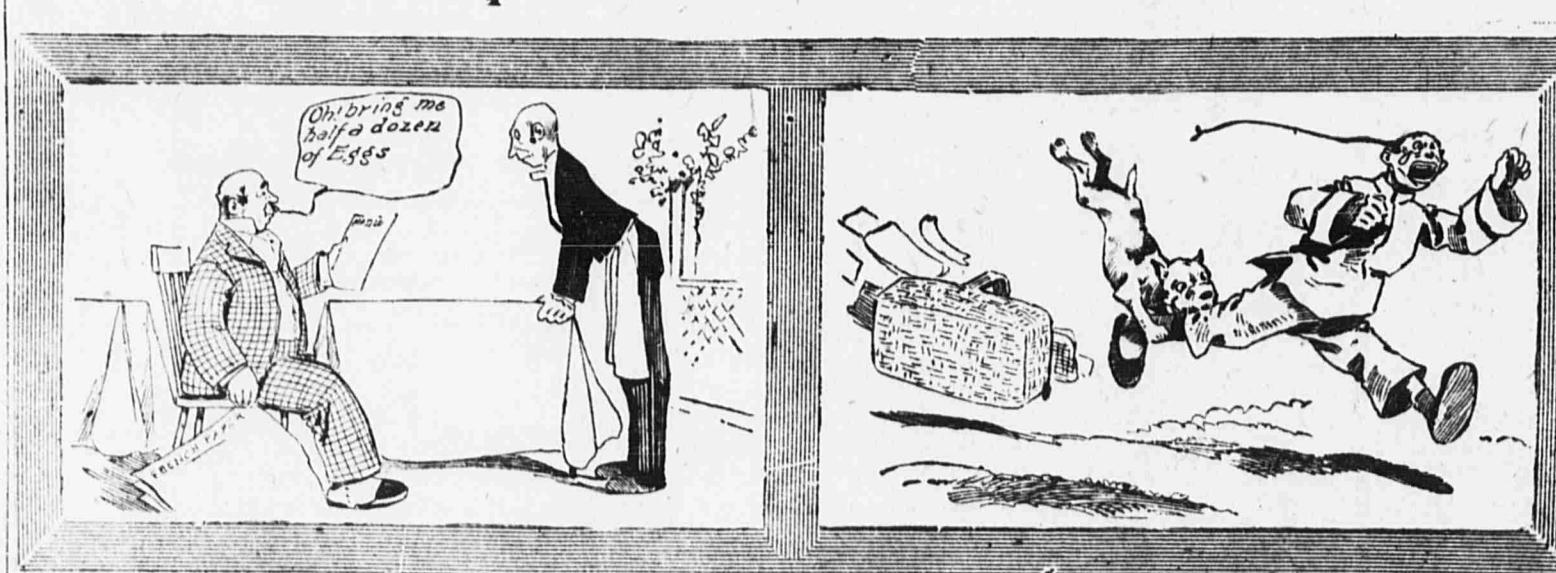


THEY SAY THAT TWO CAN'T LIVE ON LOVE. BUT IT'S WONDERFUL HOW QUICK



TWO LOVERS WHO ARE VERY THIN. WILL GET SO VERY THICK.

What Is the Telephone Number?



1-8-6-A—Broad (One Ate Six Abroad).

Now Guess What This Is?

LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

It Is Pronounced "Sue-fur."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the correct way to pronounce the word "suffrage"?
T. C. R.

Yes, In Clear Weather.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is Brooklyn Bridge visible from any part of High Street, Newark, N. J.
DISPUTE.

"What's the Good Word?"
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In travelling through your country I have often been accosted by the salutation "What's the good word?" This seems foolish to me. I have asked others its meaning, derivation, etc., and the correct return: "But no two people agree. I, therefore, ask readers to

Garden, the Tomb of Mausoleus, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of Diana, Jupiter's Statue by Phidias and the Paros (Light House).

Dog and Rabbit Problem.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Here is a problem to tangle up a few of your cleverest readers. Simple as it looks, it will "stump" nine of ten of the cleverest, although there is no "catch" in it. Listen: A dog pursues a rabbit. At the moment the chase starts the rabbit is 100 feet in advance of the dog. At every hundred feet travelled by the rabbit the dog cuts down the distance between himself and the rabbit by one-half. For instance, at the end of the first 100 feet travelled by the rabbit the

dog is but fifty feet behind. How far must both travel before the dog catches the rabbit? Puzzle this out, dear readers. Get busy with it. Worry it. Give the answer, if you can. This is a good old English puzzle. What clever American can solve it? Few, I think.
BRITISH ISLES.

A Wedding Query.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
At an evening wedding does the bride leave her home for the place of the ceremony accompanied by her parents or with her intended?
J. G.

The Bride goes to the scene of the ceremony with her parents, not with the bridegroom-elect.

The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Jerome Overlooks a Bet in Not "Axing" Vanderbilt's Door.

"I SEE," said the Cigar-Store Man, "that District-Attorney Jerome's private detectives tried to butt into the residence of Mrs. Neilson and serve a subpoena on Reggie Vanderbilt."

"It is surprising," replied the Man Higher Up, "that the District-Attorney didn't send his men on a hook and ladder truck with life nets and picks and shovels. If he overlooks many bets like that people will begin to lose confidence in him as a performer. The arrest of a few reporters isn't much of a spectacular feature in a production such as the District-Attorney is accustomed to put on."

"Of course the District-Attorney is all to the good in chasing young Vanderbilt. The young man has committed a crime that reeks with infamy. He has done what he pleased with his own money."

"If it had been somebody else's money the District-Attorney wouldn't pay any more attention to him than he would to a fire in a corn-crib at Pompton, N. J. Criminals like Reggie Vanderbilt and Jesse Lewisohn, who have more cash than they know what to do with, are hounded because they dared to go into Canfield's gambling-house and take a chance."

"If Reggie and Jesse had gone to the race-track and gambled the District-Attorney wouldn't have known anything about it. He don't know anything about the hundreds of poor devils who are losing money that belong to their wives and children at the tracks every day. They man who can't afford to lose money may blow it like an intoxicated seaman against games in which all the percentage is for Sweeney. The millionaire who don't feel his losses gets on Jerome's list for getting the worst of it against roulette or faro bank."

"Wouldn't the District-Attorney be after Vanderbilt just the same if he were a poor man?" asked the Cigar-Store Man.

"Say," retorted the Man Higher Up, "don't you give Jerome's press agent the credit of having any sense at all? Aren't you wise to the new piece the District-Attorney is starring in entitled 'Save the Mazuma of Our Millionaires'?"

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

IDIOTORIAL PAGE OF THE EVENING FUDGE

Why New Yorkers Get Things, Whether They Want 'Em or Not.
A Purely Scientific Idiotorial.
(Copyright, 1904, by the Planet Pub. Co.)

Do you know WHY things happen in and around this big UNIVERSE of ours? It is because the EVENING FUDGE fearlessly and relentlessly PURSUES wrong-doers and choco-chocers whom it doesn't really want to put into jail or drag to the scaffold, but whom it likes to scare into flits, for purposes of public WEAL and all that sort of GOOKY thing, you know.

This POLICY on the part of the FUDGE brings good weather for Sundays and half-holidays and KEEPS the sun, moon and stars attending to their business regularly, besides unmasking crime and spreading more or less BENEFICENCE where it will do most good.

Just NOW we call attention to the New York Central's big new electrical engines, which will haul passengers through the tunnel at seventy-five miles an hour. The FUDGE made the Central buy that engine and we WANT you to believe that NO OTHER POWER on earth could have brought about its purchase. WE kept at the heartless corporation till it bought the engine. So please thank us first!

It makes NO DIFFERENCE that this class of engine had not been perfected until just now and COULDN'T possibly have been bought before. The FUDGE brought it all about, as it does everything. So pray REMEMBER this and put it to our credit when you are counting off the cross-eyed gods in the FUDGE Idiotorium.